

Maybe it's cancer

I am suspicious of this gladness, this unexplained joy I feel,
this tiny fluttery bubble like new life under my heart.
Has my wayward body been entertaining,
unknown to me,
some subtle, seductive lover
who spread his seed and left?

Because I trust the judgment of aged men
I take care to smile at those I see at the post office,
on the streets, in cars next to mine at red lights.
I watch elderly ranchers and filling stations operators
and rodeo cowboys, check their eyes
for some reflected diagnosis of my condition.

If my life were reduced to script and played out for film
there would be ironic background music as I walk along,
always seeming to find the sun, smiling at old men,
unaware of disaster just around the corner.